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THOUGHTS IN METRE.

BY

MRS. R. D. WALBEY,

AUTHOR OF "BRIEF ESSAYS."

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PREFACE.

FEELING how unworthy of her conceptions of true poetic excellence are these efforts of her pen, the authoress is conscious that some apology for their publication may be deemed necessary ; and yet, as the capability of pleasing is not confined to the most puissant intellects, the most fertile and brilliant imaginations, as the words of utility (the sublimest words in their religious appropriation, their devotional aspiration, that can be uttered by mortal lips) are not peculiar to the noble language, the rich fervid eloquence of genius —the authoress hopes that she will not be thought presumptuous in striving, with her restricted ability, to please and instruct ; the more especially as she believes .

that the secret of the power, which certain books possess, to charm and interest, and to create enduring impressions, lies not exclusively in their intrinsic beauties and excellencies, but, like the same mystery of fascination in particular individuals, may be found in the sway which they hold over the sympathies of the minds with which they come into contact—a sway oftentimes emanating from comparatively humble sources. Is it not undeniable that those works which give evidence in their structure of the loftiest mental capacity, the most remarkable ratiocinative strength, or the most marvellous creative faculty, do not command the largest number of independent and sincere admirers? and may not this be so because the grandeur of the demonstrations, the spiritual beauty of the conceptions, or the mystical shadowing forth of the portrayments they contain, rise beyond the reach of popular thought, of popular sympathy?

Is not sympathy, indeed, the source and bond of most of our preferences, of our refined enjoyments? from the entrancement wrought by the melody that stirs the sleeping passion of the music-life within us,

our admiration of the picture which triumphantly bestows form and distinctive beauty on our vague imaginations, our partiality for the volume that tells us what we feel in eloquence whose spell is created by the magical power of kindred thought—to our love for the friend, whose nature, though not so gloriously gifted, perchance, as some that we meet, or journey with, on Life's Thoroughfare, seems, through some spiritual affinity, to answer to our own?

Therefore that this little book may touch some chord of sympathy, give rise to some pleasurable and instructive ideas—or ideas that, through their subsequent development, or through some associations they may awaken, may eventually prove instructive, is the sincere and earnest desire of the authoress; and she trusts that the wish will not be considered a proof of overconfidence, even if her hopes should appear to be unrealized, and her endeavours to occasion no pleasant or useful results.

It only remains to mention that some of these metrical pieces are here published for the first time, but that a greater number of them have previously

appeared in periodicals or journals, though all of the latter have recently undergone a most careful revision, resulting, in many cases, in material and extensive alterations.

SANDON BURY,
April 9th, 1860.

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THOUGHTS IN METRE.

THE RECLUSE'S PRAYER.

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF DEVOTIONAL MUSIC.

O THOU, O Thou, Who sendest dew to heal the bruised flower !
Whose mercy is as infinite, as glorious Thy power,
Forgive the longings, mournfully, that bind my heart to earth,
The dreams, like vapors dense and dark, that cloud the
soul's new birth ;
The memories, the love—*the love* I dare not now to name,
For adoration holier doth every feeling claim !
Oh, why is earth so beautiful ? why may I not forget ?
In pity, o'er the past, Thy seal of dread oblivion set,
Or let me *feel* how shadowy, how transient, or how vain
Are the triumphs of the glowing world, its glory, and its
pain !

Like angel eyes, the stars gaze down upon my tearful face,
The soft, pure wind is whispering low words of angel grace,
And o'er my heart a holier breath is stealing, with a voice
Like summer rains, that gently bid the scorching plains
rejoice.

My Father, let my spirit rise
Like incense to the hallowed skies !
Purify each thought, each aim,
Till earth grows dim before Thy Name—
Till the long hours of gloom-wrapt night,
Grow radiant with heavenly light,
And resignation's sacred rest
Steals sweetly o'er my tortured breast :—
Till prayer aspires to hallowed praise,
And a sinless brow I humbly raise.

It comes again, that wildering dream—so terrible, so fair—
So fraught with all that earth can give, so darkened with
despair !

A frenzy doth possess my soul, an agony too deep
For utterance, in stormy waves, doth o'er it wildly sweep—
Forgive ! and oh, sustain ! for Thou dost know how frail,
how weak

Is mortal will and mortal might—how vainly we must seek,


Without Thy aid, Thy pitying aid, to lift our weeping eyes,
In gaze unwaveringly devout, to the far, eternal skies !

Borne on the midnight's solemn breath,
Cometh a whisper, as of death,
Hushing the very pulse of Time
With words of dread—of trust sublime.
Thy Voice ordains, O God ; Thy Law
O'erwhelms with fear, and hope, and awe.
But lo ! e'erbrightening, like a beam
Of dawn dispelling night's black dream,
Hope's truth is triumphing—and peace
Will bless mortality's release !

No more ! no more the unhallowed tide of earth-engendered
woe,

Shall o'er my unresisting soul in warring tumult flow,
Breaking the barriers of resolve, the walls of faith—no more
My grief-torn spirit faintingly, repiningly shall soar !
A hope serene, a holier rapture bears me onward, o'er
The anguish and the mute despair of lingering death—no
more

My soul shall tremble to go forth, dark-wandering, alone,
Through the awful deep—the shadow-sea, the voiceless, the
unknown !



No more I sigh to leave that world, so radiantly fair—

No more I weep to think that *he* can still be happy there!

Fainter and fainter, with each breath, groweth my earthly
life,

Victorious my spirit riseth, o'er its mundane strife—

Darkness is on the dreaming world—my wakening soul is
fanned

By glory, not of earth, but of the etern, the unearthly
Land!

THE BEAUTY OF LIFE.


SEEK ye earth's beauty ? It dwells all around—
Portrayed by a beam, or inwrapped in a sound !
On the sea's swelling bosom, now cradled in sleep—
Now cresting the storm-billows' glorious sweep !
Its image forth smiles from the bright starry skies,
A reflection remote on the lake-mirror lies !
It rises divinely from power of the soul
That hallowed hath been by religion's control !
In the phases of pity, a rainbow of peace,
A glory it sheds o'er the tempest's release !
As exhibiting faith, sublimely it rears
Its front o'er the troubles of griefs and of fears :
A vision of nobleness, grandeur, and might,
It glides 'midst the shadows of tyranny's night,
And, shining through bigotry's barrier glooms,
Glows on earth's altars, illumines her tombs !

Seek ye yet farther? The lowliest of flowers
Are girdled with fragrance, and light in their bowers—
The violet, low shrinking amidst the pale green
Of the turf's fairy shelter so fresh and so sheen :
The auricula greeting the sunned hours of Spring,
The warm, odorous fanning of Zephyr's soft wing :
Each pure simple thing brings to light beauty's power—
From the sweet, ringing laughter of childhood's bright hour,
To the wan, flickering smile of the death-couch, that strives
To hide the last pang that the dying heart rives—
That gilds the sad ruin with trust's sacred ray—
Suns death with the dawn of Eternity's Day!

Is this not enough? Do you sigh for the gem
That scintillates proudly on wealth's diadem,
For the frostings of silver, the glowings of gold,
Or the regal effect of the rich velvet fold?
For the smile always present, the ne'er-blushing cheek,
The lips that for ever, concedingly speak?
Then think of the lives, toil-stricken, that pined
'Midst the shadowy rocks, those gems, that enshrined!
Of the pain and disgust that wan Fashion entails
On the spirit that vainly her thralldom bewails—

That those who smile *ever*, oft smile upon *crime*,
And heed not the fateful progression of time!

That which is beautiful also is true,
And usefully meets our examining view :
No grandeur, no loveliness here could long dwell,
No energies rise at bemoaned fortune's knell ;
No hopes linger round, overwreathing with flowers
Time's arduous march with his care-fettered hours ;
Their mystical goal no aspirings could gain,
Nor science attain an ascendance o'er pain ;
Nor friendship, of sacrifice, prove the pure worth—
If the presence of truth did not hallow the earth !



TO AN EQUINE FAVORITE.


No princely hand e'er guideth thee,
My Genevieve! no trappings proud
Adorn thy dark form gorgeously,
Thy head, in beauty, bowed!
Yet worthy art thou to be sung
With the brave Steed of Macedon—
From realm to realm whose hoof-strokes rung!
Whose fame through centuries shone!

Thine eye is bright as levin-glance,
Thy fanned mane streams in wild unrest,
Rich lines of darkness that enhance
The grandeur of thy crest!
The noblest of the Desert-born
Might win not preference from thee—
Or wrest from thee thy willful scorn,
Thy pride of Victory!

Echoless, thy hoof-treads speed
 Athwart the moor, the hill's dun brow,
As if, of wild Pegasus' breed,
 A spirit-steed wert thou !
As if for thee, so bravely fleet,
 The mystic realms of haunted air
Might have a radiant pathway meet,
 Far o'er this world of care !

Playful as the summer sea,
 Whose crested hosts come sweeping on,
As though, in joyous pageantry,
 Honoring some battle won—
Anon, thou'rt bounding, dashing by
 The rose-bowers of solstitial hours,
Where smile, beneath the smiling sky,
 Thousands of glittering flowers !

And when pale Winter, o'er the earth,
 Glides, like a shadow from the tomb,
And strange wind-voices have their birth
 Amidst the tempest's gloom :
When snow-clouds dim the beaming skies,
 And snow-wreaths hang from lane to lane—



Thine is the form that swiftest flies
O'er the white and trackless plain !


With drooping crest, at plodding pace,
When other steeds pass on in fear,
Thou scatterest wide, in sportive race,
The drift upon the roadway drear !
Or, arching thy neck in proud disdain,
With back-thrown ears and eyes of fire,
Thou chafest at the tightened rein—
Shivering the ice in ire !

Yet while capricious, wayward—still
Affection hath, o'er thee, deep sway—
For weak the hand that rules thy will,
The voice thou dost obey :
Though every rival is a foe,
And thou'lt not brook a peer in speed,
Though thy proud heart would break to know
Defeat ! my beauteous Steed !

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

THINE is the breath of the pean's proud swell !
Thine are the notes of the wood-carols wild—
The slow-falling gloom of the lingering knell,
The dirge of the monarch—the mirth of the child !
Of the wind-wakened grass, the soft, drowsy sigh,
The anthem of waves and their grand battle-boom—
Each voice that bursts forth in its glory to die,
Or trembles in hope, o'er of Beauty the tomb !

Low-wailing, with the mourner's woe, awakes thy saddened
lyre,
When stern repentance bows the soul and tames its haughty
fire—
When radiant hopes lie strewed and dead, like petals of the
rose,
And grief, the hours of peaceful night, has wrested from
repose—



When retrospection tearfully recalls the early lost,
Of early dreams and early joys—a bright, exultant host !

The war-plume wooes the wakening wind, the banner braves
 its might,
The bounding charger's sable mane streams in the noon-tide
 light,
And fiercely gleams the panoply of the World's dark despot
 —War,
While gloomily reverberate the thunders of his car—
Then thou dost breathe of victory's wild triumph, deathless
 fame,
Dominion's regal dower on earth, and Glory's echoed name !

When drowsily the moon looks forth on sleep-hushed flower-
 age bells,
Through the wreathing haze, all silvered by her soft, ethereal
 spells,
And dreams and visions linger round of Thought the voiceless
 bower,
And the bard-inspired worships crowned Imagination's power ;
When words of love, and hope, and trust, are gently floating by,
 hy tones are mingling with each vow, each whispered, happy
 sigh.

Thine is the voice that mournfully dwells on the trembling
air,—

A warning for the ear of Age, for th' inertia of despair !
For the glorious form, the angel-face, the proud, presumptuous soul,
The sceptred hand, on high that rules—the step that scorns
control—

That tells that woe a visitant has been, and shadowy Death
Another faded flower has twined within his spectral wreath !

And hallowed echoes canst thou wake, in pure Devotion's
fane,


Inspiring the weary soul to break, of earth, the heavy chain—
The chain of care, unworthy fear, and dark, rebellious grief :
To gaze beyond its mortal veil, its meted life-space brief :
To watch and work in truthfulness, and constancy and love—
To seek, in singleness of aim, approval from Above !

FROST PICTURES.

Look on the hoar-veiled windows ! Gaze
A moment on that 'wildering maze,
And what *has been*, and what *will be*,
Thou may'st, in palest beauty, see !
Portrayed in ice, the shapes of days
Born, perhaps, of Summer's richest rays,
Traced in the Winter's keenest hour,
While darkness shrouds the enchanter's power.

See ! waters stretch beneath thine eye—
A hideous cayman lurketh nigh,
Where reeds 'mid the river's forkéd way
Weep sparkling tears on sparkling spray
Further, a mill, in dim decay,
Sleepeth its night-long life away,
With half-furled sails and roof awry,
And holes through which the sunbeams pry.

Note—obelisk and crystal wall,
Wooded slopes and hill-crests tall :
Gems glittering on the Fay-ringed ground—
Terrific jaws of sharks, ice-bound :
Flowers, in star-like clusters, wreathed :
A war-ship's rigging—swords unsheathed !
Icebergs—with fruit and foliage near,
So spectral in their whiteness drear,
They mock the beauty they would show :
Flagstaffs with banners drooping low,
And woods grotesque, that many a pane
Brings in grotesquer form again !
Up silvery ladders, roses twining,
In leaf-wrought meshes, bird-wings shining,
Columns that catch the earliest beam,
Caves whose pillars waste and gleam,
Stars breaking through the rime of night,
Forests of fern, and gardens bright !
Trees linked with trees, like banyans,—tombs
Lonely bowered in leafage glooms !
Bridges of every sort and size—
Here, stretching high through glassy skies,
Here, but a plank—here, broken, bending
O'er weeds in tangled masses blending !



Would'st thou see more?—The war-plume's snow
Hath fled before the morning-glow !
Yon tower hath lost its turrets bold,
The staff its flag's encrystalled fold :
Arches and columns, wings and flowers,
And broken walls and eastern bowers
Are gliding down the brightening pane
All in a hazy, dew-drop rain :—
And, since thou would'st more pictures see,
Thou e'en must watch next dawn with me !

DESOLATION.

UPON the bosom of the sunless waters,
Swathed in the glooms reflected of the sky ;—
In the dim night that shrouds War's fearful slaughters,
When for Earth's phantom—Fame—men rave and die ;—
Amidst the simoons of the lifeless ocean,
Whose death-waves whisper to the sun-fired dome,
Whose sand-born tempests, with convolving motion,
Hide the lost traveller's last earthly home ;—
Upon the pinnacles of trackless mountains,
Cloud-crested, gloom inwrapped, and echoless ;—
Amidst the thunders of Earth's caverned fountains
Whose shores the foot of Man may never press ;—
Where, treeless, objectless, the voiceless plain
Meeteth the horizon-cloud in cold embrace ;—
Where, veiled, the banners of the forest-fane
Droop mournfully o'er Autumn's dying face ;—
Wherever memories, beautiful and sweet
As Spring's first smiles, have zoned the world with light
That waneth sadly 'mid the progress fleet
Of ruthless Age—of hurrying years the flight ;—

THOUGHTS IN METRE.

Low down, stern Meditation, dwelt, or brooded o'er
The shadows of departing destinies—
Trimming the wings of Hope that vainly soar
The reach of mundane bliss the fading prize ;
The longing of avarice, the glittering goal,
Tracking the steps of Vanity and Care ;
Smothering the weak, inert, despondent soul,
Crushing the spirit glad of young and fair !
Yet *Phil* bows not to *thee* ! thou canst not shade
The glory of her pure and earnest brow,
The spirit-beauty of her presence fade,
Or chill her trust's enthusiastic glow !
Thy empire is but Earth's—the joy, the light
Created, dying in her bounded sphere ;
The proud anticipation, and the might
Of power despotic o'er the souls of fear,
The crime-reared edifice of grandeur—dark
'Mid the savage splendour of its magnitude,
Of Earth-born Talent the unsoaring spark,
Of Earth-born Wisdom the erections crude,
In turn may feel thy sway : thy baneful gloom
May overwhelm them with its fatal dread,
Haunted by spectres of the rayless tomb—
Not blissful visions of the glorious Dead !

BRITAIN'S PATRIOT—POLAND'S MARTYR.*

1854.

He sleeps the sleep of glory ! though no wreath
Of gory laurel shadows his fresh tomb :
Though, with defiant boom, the volley's breath
Hath stirred not *there* the banner's breadth of gloom !
Though, in an alien land, of swift disease
Struck by the pitiless hand—though, with him, died
No hecatomb of foemen—though the seas
Bore him on stainless waves to Britain's side !

He sleeps the sleep of glory. Noble souls,
Souls that oppression loathe, that pine for life—
The life of liberty, where sadly rolls
The Vistula in murmur-dreams of strife,
Mourn with true grief,—the woe that memory seals,
That dims the future's dawnings, yet which stills
The unrest of the spirit, as it steals
Over its wastes, o'er earth as summer rills.

* Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart.

Com'st thou—to shape in beauty distant hours—

Earth's secret workings shield with waves of snow—

A sleeping ocean spread o'er sleeping flowers

Erelong in new-born pomp that they may glow !

For Spring to thee owes life, pale Winter Queen !

(As Dawn from Night illuminates the land ;)

While from her ashes rise the blossoms sheen


By Summer's smiles caressed, her life-breath fanned.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

THou com'st from the lands where the ice-mountains gleam,
In the depths of the night, in the red solar beam,
Where no roseate wreath
Perfumeth Spring's breath,
Or gracefully sways in the mirroring stream !

Where the scent-breathing presence of flowers may not be,
Or the glorious form of the sovereign tree :
Where the chanting of waves,
In their resonant caves,
Subsides at the sleep of the turbulent sea :—

Where unsunned is the hill-top, the plain, and the vale,
When unheeded sweeps o'er the white ocean the gale :
Where weirdly the day-cloud
Formeth the moon-shroud—
While entranced, on its way, is the venturous Sail.



Yet ~~here~~, thy red beacon thou lightest afar,
Where sweet is the ray of the soft summer-star,
 Where the shadows of flowers
 Lightly wave in their bowers,
Where Winter's brief mourning doth smiles not debar.

And Ignorance pales at the ominous sight—
At thy fleetingly-grand coruscations of light—
 As the quivering arc
 Spans sky-regions dark,
As silvery streamers illumine the dun night!


But Thought's nobler vision in triumph ascends,
And its glorious way through the bright mazes wends
 Of the science of spheres,
 That Knowledge reveres,
Whose beauty, with Faith's holy harmony, blends!

REFLECTIONS OF AN AUTHOR,

UPON A JUST-COMPLETED WORK.

AND must the careless world's cold, curious eye
 Guess at thy saddest meanings; thy defects,
Though born amidst painful care and doubting sigh—
 The trembling hope that diffidence reflects
Be rudely scorned, or met by mirth unkind:
 Thy thoughts, perchance, wake no sweet sympathy,
No deep response, or kindred echo find:
 Thy aspirations like dream-transports die.

Like delicate exotics, tended long
 By careful, loving hands—then left to bear
Unaided the wild sweep of breezes strong,
 The chilling influence of the wintery air—



Thou'rt cast upon the world to meet thy fate—
To find some gentle Spirit to o'erveil,
With angel-shadow, imperfections great,
Or, music-voiced, thy lonely beauties hail.

Or, like some painting, which the tear-dimmed eye
Of its producer lingered on in love,
O'er which oft breathed was disappointment's sigh
For aspirations foiled—severe to prove,
Destined to share unmitigated scorn
With earth's vast host of failures;—swept aside
By the breath of stern opinions, that were born
Of prejudice, caprice, or bigot pride.

And shall this sacrifice be mourned ev'n then,
Laid on the altars of a Faith etern !
Must we be wounded by the scorn of men
When striving humbly praise Divine to earn !
Impotent may'st thou prove—to fame unknown ;
Thy voice, unechoing, may die away,
As on Spring-breeze some blossom-bell's sweet chime,
Heard but by Bard, or flower-adoring Fay :

Yet will I hope the wish and purpose pure,
That in the dimmest thoughts can light infuse,
Though showing plainly faults they might not cure,
May bless the work, though fate success refuse :
May bless it with some lone approval, won
From some true, generous soul, whose distant ways,
Through spirit-realms of genius, stretching on,
E'er soar beyond the shades of earthlier days !

ELEGIAC VERSES.

1856.

ANOTHER place is vacant in the thronged and busy world—
And darkly, through its sunny air, a shadow is unfurled.
Another voice is mute amid the myriad tones around,
And in its winsome place doth come of grief the muffled sound :
But its echoes are unsleeping in hearts their truth that prove,
By a holy vigil keeping o'er memories sweet of love !
And how sadly doth the clangor of the world-life seem the
while

We're gazing on the days She brightened with her smile—
'Midst the toiling never-pausing, and the eager, wearying din,
The cries of vain contentions—the triumph-tones of sin !
A life of love hath fled from its peaceful home on earth
Where awed to rest, Thought slumbereth, but dreameth of
her worth—

And visions of the past sleep there no human voice may wake,
Entranced by spells, of solemn woe, no restless hopes may
break.

The joyous Spring is coming, its breath is on the breeze—
Its smile is on the dripping skies, the green and dewy leas !
But not for *her* the gifts of health with which its founts o'er-
flow,

The glory and the hopefulness that, round its presence, glow :
Or the advent of the summer sun that zones with light the
flowers,

From golden dawn, to starry eve, with beauty rules the hours!
And the homely joys of winter, the gatherings and the gifts,
The friendly wish, the drooping soul that generously lifts,
The sweet communion of the hearth when sister-hearts unite,—
To her gentle eyes no more may lend a lovelier, holier light.

But earthly days will ever pass !—Then watch we for the
Dawn,
Of which no dream of midnight pales the lustre of the Morn :
Whose beauty hath no shadow cold, whose sunny bliss no gloom
Of clouding grief, no haunting dread of winding-sheet and
tomb !

Yes ! watch we for the summer-time that knows no winter-
sleep ;

And, in the 'wilderings of life, may we that vigil keep,
In the patient, humble faith that feareth naught but doing ill,
That, strong 'midst failures, striveth still each duty to fulfill !

THOUGHTS IN METRE.

MARCH—EQUINOCTIAL GALES.

LIST ! to the mighty rush
Of monster coursers through the realms of air :
 Their hoof-strokes forests crush,
Away, the scattered clouds, they proudly bear :

 Their cold, fierce breath sweeps on
The crested legions of the angered Sea—
 A grand, broad path hath won,
For beams to flash, and waves chant mournfully.

And now the stars gaze down,
Upon the wild waves' winding-sheets of foam,
 On each abyss where frown
Grim shadows from the Dead's unpeaceful home.

 The lone tower rocks and reels,
The ancient spire forsakes its guardian fane :
 Earth's vengeful music peals—
Stern, eldritch strains break forth,—abruptly wane !

A few hours—and no sign
Will mar the beauty of the azure sky,
No shade blent with the shine
Will indicate where storm-hosts thundered by !

Thus pass those sons of Fame—
The pageant heroes of the world's false pride,
The graspers of a name—
Who march *for hire* by conquest's sanguined side :

With all the pomp of sound,
With devastation's brand and banner proud ;
With the war-steed's haughty bound,
With death's far-spreading shade and battle-shroud :

And leave behind no trace
(No sacred monuments of Faith's bright war),
But scars on earth's worn face,
Grief with the Pure, and, with the Uncultured, awe !

LYRIC VERSES.

TELL thou not me of eyes whose starry light
Can mock the dazzling diamond, gold-enshrined ;
Of tresses whose dark glory shamed the Night,
Her richest crown of shadows when she twined :

Of silvery laughter, as the tones of Spring,
Transiently glad : of songs, whose subtle powers,
O'er the dreaming mind, alternately can fling
The light of joyful, shade of tearful, hours :

Of ivory hands trained to the limner's art,
Of souls that shine with wit's unceasing play ;
Of mirth swift-flashing o'er the unloving heart,
The spirit 'tranced 'neath wealth's cold, glittering sway :

Of eloquence that, like the ocean's boom
Of proud defiance to the storm, excites ;
Or lures, with siren tongue, to fameless doom,
The champion, vain, of visionary rights :

I love the music of a kindly voice,
 Heart-prompted in its sympathetic tones :
Whose sweet encouragement can bid rejoice
 The spirit, faint, with grief it will not own !

I love, of truthful speech, the melody—
 Not earth's alone, its bright subduing beauty ;
Teaching stern lessons, tempered generously,
 Guided by loving thoughts, informed by duty.

I love, of friendship, the out-spoken word,
 Howe'er unflattering : far more all these
Than gifts whose powers, the breath of fame, have stirred,
 That one by one the world's rich guerdons seize !

When winter warms and brightens the dark hearth,
 When stars are brilliantest, most pale the flowers,
Above and round the year's dim, watery path,
 And but the memory lives of summer hours :

When, by the merry sparkling Christmas fire,
 Estrangement yields before the winning smile
Of old-time love, and cherished feuds expire,
 And seem but evil tales that did beguile

The willing mind, tenacious of its dues,
 Brooding o'er fancied slights, or wrongs heart-shrined;
For thoughtless deeds far-seeking specious clues,
 As anxious, morbidly, some sin to find:—

Then sweetest sound those cadences of peace !
 Like echoes breathing from a holier sphere
Of blest Existences, of earth's release,—
 The soul they lift above its toilings here !


STANZAS TO SPRING.

1851.

Nor with slow steps com'st thou,—
Distributing but jealous gifts—out-meting scent and bloom,
And blending them capriciously with Winter's chilling gloom,—
With frowns on thy young brow !

Not with bashful glance and coy,—
But radiant with ethereal light, pure skies and glowing flowers,
With opening buds of sweetest green, with music-ringing
bowers,
And echo-tones of joy !

Bursting, like glorious hope,
Upon the mind that, to despair, succumbed in voiceless woe ;
And dreamed, and dreamed, long weary years—then woke at
once to know
Its energetic scope !



POETS IN METRE.

His sympathy's sweet voice,—

And his surges foam and break on thought's o'er-
flowing shore.

And his wings to earth, refuseth heavenward to soar,—
That weepeth, to rejoice!

THE SWALLOW.

BIRD of the fleet, untiring wing !

Thou haunt'st the air with thy dusky flight,
Like a restless sprite of the troubled night,
Tracing a traceless path—a shade
Casting, as soon as cast to fade,


Where the still waters slowly spring :—

Where the flowery vines the corn-stalks twine,

And the ruby cups of the poppies glow :
Where the dun spines of the gorse-boughs show,
Where the pale heath-flower waves its bell,
Tolling its whispering Elf-land knell,
And lotus-blooms in the hill-grass shine.

Where the swift steed defies the wind,

With his outstretched neck and streaming mane,
And bound so airy, that e'er in vain
The listening echoes await the sound
To catch the tones of the cavernous ground,
As he leaves the blast-urged clouds behind :



Deriding his speed, thy shadowy shape
Divides the air, with pinions as free
As the breath of the gale, the spray of the sea—
Above and around, in gyrations fleet,
Over his neck, and before his feet,
Danger to greet, yet featly escape !

Thou lov'st not the rose's heavenly form :
Sweet though the bough of the blossoming tree,
It has not a fairy-like home for thee ;
Thou nestlest not in the leafy bowers,
Lighted and scented by sunny flowers—
Bird of the breezes, the swift summer storm !


Thou seest the shape of the tempest pass by—
Its streamer-lights gleam in the quivering air,
Bravely thou steer'st through the blinding glare,
Cruelly dies thy disporting prey,
And darkly thy form takes its dark'ning way,
As shadow meets shadow on high !

TO THE ELECTORS OF ———.

1852.

THE hour hath come—the potent hour of choice,
And Freedom waits your true, elective voice,
With radiant banner waving in the breeze,
Gemmed with the spray of Britain's barrier seas,
And rallying votaries—a noble band,
Sworn Slavery's slightest inroad to withstand!
Then scorn each selfish aim, and proudly dare,
 With pure, unwavering, and lofty zeal,
With courage unimpeachable, and sacred care,
 To seek, and labor for, your country's weal—
Your country's weal! *The World's!*—for England ever
Learns other lands their tyrant-bonds to sever!


Though golden be the chain around you flung,
Enrapturing the strain, by Sirens sung,
To lure you to the pageant-feast of those
Whose triumph is their *own*—whose splendour glows



But to outshine some rival, vain parade ;—
Not in beneficent and useful aid,
The want-engirding atmospheres to light ;—
 Yet grasped by the sullied hand of Selfishness,
Know that each gift as evil is, as bright !
 Guerdons unmerited can never bless :
Success unhallowed is a haunting flame,
Retributively scathing noblest fame !

Though frown the skies that o'er the patriot bend,
Malign the influences that may descend
Upon his valorous head, to chill and blight—
Yet, in the darkest hour of darkest night,
More blest *his woes* than Tyranny's fierce joys—
More blest his dreams, though Fate's cold touch destroys !
More blest the solitary rose whose beauties cling
 Around of honest Poverty the bower,
Than the rich galaxies of blooms that spring
 Forth, at Wealth's word, to circle halls of power—
That power which is divorced from sympathy
With all that is too poor, too bold, too free !


Yes ! the proud hour hath come—the hour of choice,
And Freedom waits your true, elective voice !



Each craven impulse loftily subdue,
Though interest in each Protean form should sue :
Forsake each sordid end, uphold the right,
Stand free and stainless in your country's sight !
O'erpass those mouldering ruins of the past

By Tyranny upreared—that bar the tide
Of Truth-urged progress ; and its skies o'ercast

With shades of Old-World laws and feudal pride !
Seek not to gain, ev'n rights, as Error's boon,
But hail the dayspring of the perfect Noon !



THE INEXTINGUISHABLE LIGHT, OR AIR
CONSUMER.

A FRAGMENTARY DREAM.

WE stood within an adamantine fane—

I and Another, whose unquailing brow

Guarded, with faith, dread expectation's reign,

And calmly met, of death, the awful glow :

For nearer, and more near, o'er dusk plains came,

Red as the sword of war, as wildly bright

As th' eldritch glance of storms—a sea of flame,

A lambent, rolling, ever-spreading light !

Many a wail and shriek, and frenzied cry,

Pierced the dulled, dead ear of stygian night,

As Pain and Guilt and Cowardice fled by,

Of infinite despair the mingling might !

Anon, a frightened steed careered past,

His mane scarce waving in the dying wind—

His nostrils bleeding, and his ears back cast,

As listening, in agony, to sounds behind !

Then, thousands of dark wings, came struggling on,
 Slower and slower, before the breathing fire :
 Alas ! no goal of safety might be won—
 A living world was doomed to form one funeral pyre !

* * * * *

Beneath the Breath-destroyer's waves they lay,
 Those hosts of fear—unwithered by the flame,
 From earth to heaven flinging its fierce spray,
 That o'er the gleaming fane a cloud of glory came !

* * * * *

'Twas gone !—and naught save lone dim stars remained—
 The earth was lost in horror-deepened gloom :
 Silence, in all her grandeur drear, o'er-reigned
 A space—unregistered by Time—of doom.
 The mountain masses of the clouds down swept,
 Yet soundless, in their vastitude, they fell ;
 Echo, her tireless watch, no longer kept,
 Losing in vacuity the power of her sweet spell.

* * * * *

Thunders were bursting from the earth—the blast
 Spoke from its distant caves, for ages bound !
 The temple shook—then, far asunder cast,
 Its glittering fragments strewed the barren ground.

SONNETS IN METRE.

~~From every side~~ all space—the clouds
~~High and high~~ destinations—throned
~~And in the~~ pedestals of air, rich shrouds,
~~As over the~~ royal sun, each royal hue that owned!

* * * * *

~~And the~~ splendour of the sunbeam slept
~~And a~~ spiritual Essence from on high,
~~And~~ awhile, vengeance-breathing flame-waves swept
~~And~~ from the tortured land, funereal sky.
~~And they~~ stood afar—tower, dome, and spire
Shining resplendently : no cloud uprose
~~And~~ dimming smoke—of hearths, the captive fire,
A world-old slave, had found, in death, repose.
Where th' endless roll of wheels, of hoofs the clang
With th' eager din of multitudes, had blent
In one wild swell of sound that 'wildering rang :
Where myriad lamps to night their mimic radiance lent—
Where the banquet rich was spread—
Where the painted sunlight fell,
Through gorgeous draperies shed,
No footfall broke the spell!
The diamond's starry beam
Glanced 'mid the shadowy hair

Of many a brow, whose dream
 Of death still brooded there.
Day's glory seemed to wane
 In the universal tombs—
In palace, bower, and fane,
 It streamed through charnel glooms.
No breathing, living flower,
 No plaint, no murmured tone,
No sigh of music's power
 The stricken land could own !
The stiffened coursers lay
 Prone in their countless stalls—
Hushed was the iron-armed way
 'Mid farms and sylvan halls :
No drone of insect-horn—
 No whispers of fresh leaves,
To the moments bright, were born ;
 No swallows, round the eaves,
Pursued their circling flight ;
 No larks, their hymns of praise
Breathed to the fount of light,
 Fluttering in crystal rays :
No voice, from the lone fields came,
 Of wandering kine, or flocks,

No song, or shouted name
Roused the Echo of the rocks :
No sudden whistle woke
The solitudes, where stood,
As waiting the silenced stroke
Of the axe, the withered wood !
No softened peal of bells went stealing by,
Wafted on the melancholy wind ;
No sob, no call was heard—no trembling sigh,
With wild lamentings for the Dead combined.
Dimly and lingeringly, like Things of Life,
The mournful vessels glided, to the sea,
Adown the broadening river, where so rife,
Erewhile, were sounds of industry and glee.
In silence fell the ghastly mists of night,
Ungreeted by the owl's sepulchral scream ;
In silence rose, the Sorceress-Queen of light—
And spectral forms of death shone in her spectral gleam.

FLORAL EMBLEMS.

No. 1.—MIGNONNETTE.

No beauty, visible, forth-guides the wanderer to thy haunt ;
No petals gay attractively in the summer sunlight flaunt,
No gilded chalice brims with dew its pensile leaves between,
No azure eyes beseechingly shine through their tear-drops
 sheen,
Within thy elfin bower, yet beauty floateth o'er it still,
Intangible, with spirit-breath the heart's soft lyre to thrill ;
Or wandering, on trembling wing, like loving thoughts to bless
A slumbering world, it sheddeth round its mite of happiness.
An humble type of influence the lowliest may share,
Of power, whose step is echoed not, whose tones breathe
 heavenly care ;
Whose shadow is not seen to glide among the hero band ;
Whose hand is not stretched out to grasp of wealth the magic
 wand ;
Of strength unknown, of worth unseen, of hope and love
 benign,
O'er drear results, of causes dark, that cast some gleam divine.

No. 2.—THE RHODODENDRON.

CHILLING is the unsympathizing breath
Of the stern world ;
Unheeding aspiration's lingering death—
High hopes down-hurled !
Resplendent is affection's earthly power,
Inwreathing life ;
Yet fragile, oft it wanes in adverse hour,
In storms and strife.
Brief is the summer of the Island-Land,
By change impressed ;
Cooled by the girdle of its wave-foam grand,
Its wind's unrest !
Glorious is thy light—thou radiant flower,
Amid the band
That shines in rainbow-arched and dew-pearled bower,
By bird-wings fanned !
Yet, beautiful Exotic, would'st thou die,
Did care's kind fears
Not shield thee from the Frost-wind's withering sigh
And icy tears ;

And cherish every charm in anxious love,
Thou emblem bright
Of what is dreamed on earth—not shines above,
The earth to light !

No. 3.—THE WHITE LILY.

THE rosebud reddens, deepening its blush
'Mid dews and beams and toying southern gales :
The gorgeous tulip, in its prideful flush,
Beneath the fervid smile of noon-tide, pales.

The bright, fresh, serried grass, that boldly waves
Its tiny pennon in the tempest's march,
With many a bristling lance its fury braves,
And gleams with spoils beneath the Iris-arch,—

Droops in death-languor, 'neath the steadfast glare,
Of concentrated light and heat intense,
That browns the northern brow, so purely fair,
And lends, to th' orient eye, magnificence !—

But not to thee, wan Lily, can it give
The faintest streak of blue, to vein thy light :
No red suffusions on thy petals live,
When Vesper lights her ruddy torch for Night !

Amidst the storm unbent—for thou would'st die
Ere yield, a suppliant, at its challenge-swell ;
Deaf to the wooing breeze's traitor sigh,
As proof against the beam's bright, treacherous spell ;

An earth-star in the dim and quiet night,
A symbol, in the unveiled and glorious day,
Of perfect purity's angelic might—
E'en thou might'st indicate, of Truth, the way !

No. 4.—SCARLET MARTAGON LILY.

BENEATH the pale, sweet beauty of the skies
Of this free, happy land, O turbaned flower ;—
Symbolical, with moslem crest, and dyes
Ensanguined, of the cimeter's dread power,

The boasting pomp of Islamism's thrall;—

Why bloomest thou? Is it that, sadly, we

May here the prideful East, at Fancy's call,

In all its soulless despotism see?

Perchance a brighter meaning haloes thee—

(Who liv'st in sweet companionship with blooms

From Alpine heights, Ausonian vale and lea;

From fiery Spain, and Scotia's mountain-glooms;

And lowly plants indigenous, whose light

Is soft as starbeam in the summer-sky,

When the young Moon hath parted from the Night,

And drowsy breezes through the leaf-paths sigh,)—

A *sacred truth*, that teaches us to love

Those, but inferior through birth's circumstance!

Thus thou a prompter of kind deeds may'st prove,—

In orient guise, a type of tolerance!

No. 5.—THE CONVULVULUS MAJOR.

As pales the sunbeam on the darkening turf

When clouds creep on: when dawn-light wakes the sky

As fades the phosphorescence of the surf:

Of evening hills as wanes the glowing dye;—

E'en thus, from thy proud beauty, dost thou change—
 So swiftly, marvellously, like a dream
Appears the transformation, sad and strange,—
 Of earth's vicissitude a typic theme
Forming for mortal musing—as each bloom,
 Each vase-like bloom, o'erflowing with rich light,
With purple glory, droops above its tomb,
 And shrinking softly, dies before the night:
While, promptly as the storm-arch spans the sky,
 A sister-flower comes forth—as frail, as fair—
Moulded in magic loveliness—to die,—
 Or, of Infinity, one day to share!

No. 6.—THE FUCHSIA.

Oh, would that chimes from thy rich bells,
 As sweet as they are fair,
Might breathe forth music-woven spells,
 Enchain the listening air
With bright enchantment's whispered strain,—
 Celestial melodies;—
Sad thoughts to woo, from idols vain,
 To life's pure mysteries!

An idle wish ! too radiant, thou—
Yet other dowers to need ;
Thy picture-teachings dull the brow
Must be, that fails to read !
Wave on thy toneless, shining bells,
In gleeful mimicry
Of fairy-peals and fairy-knells
Low-tinkling o'er the lea.

Wave on, wave on—the laughing hours
Herald a mornless night :
Shine on—thy circling sister flowers
Bear many a warning blight !
Like a gorgeous fancy, gliding by
On life's ingulfing stream,
A storm, a gust, of blasts a sigh,
May end thy summer-dream.

No. 7.—THE SYRIAN ALTHÆA FRUTEX.

FORMED for Levantine breeze, with glowing wing
Thy full, rich, orient loveliness to fan,
To wrap in floating warmth thy budding Spring,
Embalm in shining dew thy petals wan

That, when unfolding, radiantly unseal
The Asian splendours of thy matchless blooms—
The carmine shadings of each vase reveal
That gleams in the contrast of its leaves' rich gloom ;—
Unscathed thou brav'st the bitter blast, the cold
Drear showers and snow-gusts of the northern year,
The venom-breathing fogs that darkly fold
The dying Autumn on his dripping bier :
Thus symbolizing valour's brightest phase—
Endurance passionless, unchanging, free,
That firmly meets the march of hostile days,
And with its tranquil smile quells Destiny !

No. 8.—THE DWARF CAMPANULA.

OF what ? an emblem canst thou be,
Bright flow'ret, in thy tiny glee,
Waving in the summer glow
Thy half-transparent bells of snow !
A silver vase, when lifted up—
Or else a fairy's crystal cup !
Oh, hanging in thy beauty there
So utterly, so purely fair,

Without one sunbeam-painted shade,
Or tell-tale blush to come, and fade ;—
Thou seem'st of innocence a type
Ere Time's defacing power is rife,
Ere bigotry's o'er-breathing gloom,
Or cynicism mars its bloom,
And the pure inclinings of its soul
Diverts from their ethereal goal !
Or of Life's page—till gauded o'er
With vain designs in pomp that soar—
Yet fade to skeletons of hope
That might not with truth's shadow cope !
That page oft deeply traced by care,
And lighted by the mournful glare
Of war-scenes—bearing th' impress stern
Of mortal deeds, and fates etern !
That page oft glorified through pain,
By radiant trusts that never wane,
Though, every hour, the form more cold
Grows, that their glowing wreaths infold,
More damp, more chill, though every day
Death's dews fall on their petaled spray.

POETRY IN METRE.

No. 9.—THE DAHLIA.

~~From~~ th' ancient fame and splendour of thy Land
Have ebbed, as ebbs the fast-receding tide,
As wanes the occidental sunset's pride,
Though, like sea-ravaged cliffs, her ruins stand—

~~From~~ landmarks, in the mighty trampled waste
Of change-robed Time, to note his progress vast—
Links in the chain of beauty he hath cast
Downwards, and shivered in his sovereign haste :

Mysterious signs, the searching soul of thought
To guide to th' oases of enchanted dreams :
For History's truthful picture barer themes,
Infecund of the facts by Reason sought :

Grim terrors for the gloom-wrapped path of fear—
Colossal phantoms of a buried race ;
Or wond'rous records that the days efface
As slowly gliding o'er their tablets drear ;—

Still dost thou shine—thou constellation proud
Of purest glories and superbest lights,—
As if to paint, in memory of nights
Of ancient Mexico, upon her shroud,

In clusters rich, the jewel-stars that gleamed
In Montezuma's palace, cities, fanes :
Studded the crown of erst barbarian reigns,
Long ere Iberian banners fiercely streamed

In the New World's wild breezes—like a glare
Of levin, while the looming tempest slept—
Ere ruthless bands the new-claimed earth o'erswept,
Its treasures seized, and smote its regions fair :—

Here rivalling the glow of burnished gold,
And there the ruby's warlike flash of pride,
Or like the purple amethyst now dyed,
Or gleaming gorgeously like plumes of old!

Then pale as night's bright girdle, when her veil,
Dropped from her form majestic, softly lies
Piled at her feet, or wanly-streaming flies
To distant strands, far borne by th' errant gale :

Or faintly with celestial flush o'erspread—
As when the dawn first hails the drowsy land,
And blushes that her fragrant breath hath fanned
Its tresses fair, and perfume o'er them shed.

Yet o'er the dazzled *eye* canst thou, alone,
Magnificent Exotic ! hold thy sway ;—
A splendour thine that fleetly fades away,
Leaving no chill vacuity when gone !

Emblem of beauty, stately, passionless,
And cold, and still, and dead as sculptured blooms—
Pale, chiselled blossoms, wreathing sumptuous tombs,
Powerless to feel, with living incense bless !

Of fashion's soulless crowd, and arid land,
Of Wealth that lives, exults, for Wealth alone,
Of Genius that quits his vigil-throne,
To shine 'mid fortune's coldly-glittering band !

THE INCENDIARY.

A SKETCH.

HE steals o'er the land, in the path of the night,
The torch of destruction insanely to light,
When cloud-shades are fleeting o'er vale and o'er fell,
Enthralling the earth in their ominous spell;
When wildly the tempest-gales sweep the lone heath
And snatch, from the ruin, its garland of death!
When they shriek 'mid the rock-clefts, and boom in the woods,
And crest the wan waves of the dim river-floods.
He pauses, anon, near the goal of his wrath—
He starts! for a moon-glance illumines his path!
Though lifeless the voices that swiftly float by,
From the wailing of waves, to the fern's whispered sigh,
He listens and trembles! but passion returns,
Bringing doom with its frenzy—his beacon-light burns!
It bursts through the darkness! it glitters on high!
Like a banner of Terror, unfurled to the sky!

Grand and terrific ! portentous and dread,
As flames of the death-pyre that wave o'er the Dead !

* * * * *

He hath flown from the spot ! but, with the dark deed,
Irresistibly won is its stern, chast'ning meed !
His hand may have scathed sunny dreams of the soul,
Brought warm, earnest hopes, 'neath despair's cold control :
Or ruthlessly agonized Penury and Woe,
O'erblanching the tresses of Fear's pallid brow !
He *may* e'en have mantled with death's solemn shade
Some presence that shone but to bless and to aid !
But deeper's the gloom that broods o'er his own mind,
The shadow that tracks him—a dread undefined !
More awful the soul-voice that mutters his doom
When the dawning drips dew on each slow-wakening bloom—
'Mid the toil-buzz of noon—'neath eve's lulling light—
When the echoes of guilt sound the hours of the night !
The beautiful Spring has no scent, and no ray,
Or blessing, or promise, to shed o'er his way.
Unviewed the pure stars, meekly smiling on high,
In glory write " faith " on the tempest-swept sky !
For he dwells in the past, 'mong the spectres of crime,
As he dreams of the future's *retributive time* !

THE STEEDS OF MERINO.

“Geronimo Merino, at once the leader, priest, and physician, of his troops, had always two of the superbest horses wealth could obtain, on which he lavished every mark of affection and care; and so perfect was the obedience they returned, that while one was ridden the other ran by its side, imitating its movements with a degree of accuracy that would appear incredible. And astonishing were his escapes, and unexpected attacks—sometimes vaulting from the saddle of one of these beautiful creatures to that of the other, without pausing, when he perceived signs of fatigue, etc.”

WITH eyes of keen intelligence,
And crest majestically bowed,
And ears oft-quivering with the sense
Of fixed attention—mane that flowed
In rich luxuriance in the breeze,
And nostrils that, expanded wide,
Inhaled the cooling breath of seas
From the elevated ocean-side,
There stood a glorious steed—so still,
A peerless statue he had seemed
Save that mute instinct's eager thrill,
The lightnings, from his brows, that gleamed,

And subtile, floating breath-clouds gave,
Of life and dauntless spirit, signs ;
While from his neck the glossy wave
Fanning the light with dusky lines,
Proved Art ne'er fashioned that proud form,
So regal in immobile might :—
So grand, amid the battle-storm,
As looming through its crimsoned night !

Another—stationed by his side,
Of equal grace and symmetry,
Bore, of Carlist hosts, the pride,—
The red-plumed son of Victory !—
Who calmly scanned the inland view—
Studded with hostile tents, below,
Then turned his charger towards the blue
Far mountains, morioned with snow.
And, side by side, the coursers flew,
As though by *one* soul animate,—
Flinging, in spray, the leafage dew,
Bending the grass with flying weight :
Bearing, alternately, the form
That cherished them with gen'rous care,

That ruled the rude insurgent storm—
 Unscathed, oft sought the foeman's lair !
And side by side they swam the floods—
 Spurning the eddies' foaming wrath,
Traced the dim labyrinths of woods,
 Of the dark ravine, the fern-fringed path :
And skirted the hill's indented crest—
 Turning the steps of the flying hare,
Passing the silvery tarn—at rest
 In the sunny warmth of the mountain air—
Then skimmed the edge of the dizzy steep
 O'erbeetling the cataract's distant fall,
The dangerous shore of the mist-wreathed deep—
 Gaining at length their sparry stall :
The secret subterranean camp—
 The cliff-bound fort—the rock-roofed fane—
Resounding warlike clang and tramp,
 Sheltering the rebel-hosts of Spain !

EPI T A P H

ON A DEPARTED FAVOURITE—A BEAUTIFUL WHITE SETTER.

HAD Death, with gentle power, allured thee on
To sweet repose beneath this fragrant mound,
My grief had softer sway—though thou hadst won
My deathless gratitude, when peril frowned,
Shielding thy master's life, uncalled, untold
Save by thy heart's deep love, thy fearless care—
But thou wert wrapped in Death's empoisoned fold
By some dark hand that ne'er, in ruth, would spare.

A P R I L .

As oft in mirth dwells bitterness,
So oft has pain the power to bless
 And purify the soul :
As faith oft smooths the path of grief
And renders every suffering brief,
 So fears, hope's flight, control !

Thus o'er thy face, sweet April, pass,
Reflected on the early grass
 Like magic-lantern views,
Sun-glances flashing, swiftly chased
By sombrous cloud-shades, darkly traced
 In Nature's coldest hues !

Thy golden tears embalm the earth,
Thy promise-smile hails every birth
 Of plant, and leaf, and flower :
Thy gentle breezes flutter round,
With a soft, sweet, silvery, lulling sound,
 And soothe each darkened hour.

And as thy transient tempest brings
A glory on its shadowy wings


 To span the aqueous gloom :
As sable Night, with sunless brow,
Teaches the stripling tree to grow,
 Unfolds fresh bud and bloom :

So toil's obscurities precede,
And cares, that disappointments feed,
 The radiance of Success :
And righteous strife dispenses peace—
For naught but work brings work's release,
 The rest, that life may bless !

THE PARTING OF MAY.

FAREWELL ! last born and fairest of the Spring !
Time, o'er thy flight, doth radiantly fling
Sweet showers of starry blooms, reflected gleams,
O'erarching thee with rainbow hopes and dreams :
An atmosphere of music ebbs and flows
Around thy fleeing footsteps : Evening glows
In all her bridal pomp to greet the Night,
Bathing the world in gold and purple light.
Enrobed in silvery sheen, shine forth the Hours
On Fate's mysterious Dial—(marked by flowers
And storms and stars, and pageantries of life—
Phases of destinies—the glooms of strife—
The dawn of hope and faith—love's potent breath,
The shades of coming woe—the blank of death—)
Whose ever-changing chimes announce the past,
Yet hide the future's revelations vast—


That, in no circles, count the steps of Time,
But onwards ever sound, a voice sublime,
Numbering new Hours with pean, or with dirge,
Or heavenly calls—a universe to urge
To glorious thoughts and trusts, and glorious deeds !—
The subtile spirit-nutrimment that feeds
Improvement, Faith, Endurance, Bliss, and Peace ;—
Beneath whose halcyon sway shall warfare cease,
Slander grow dumb ;—and Emulation rise,
O'er worldly aims, to grave upon the skies
Th' immortal records of his hard-won worth,
Though thus receding from the fame of earth !



M I D S U M M E R.

SOFTLY breathe o'er opening flowers,
Lightly sway earth's fragile bowers,
 Disturb not bloom or scent,
Spirit of the Southern breeze,—
Awake the low-voiced chant of trees
 With whispered wave-songs blent.
Where oft the fleecy cirrus sleeps,
Where the early lark its pinions steeps
 In the dawn-tide's ruddy ray,
Pass swifter—for the rain-cloud's shade
Lies on earth's splendid hosts—thy aid
 May waft it soon away.

Oh, lighter fall, thou murmuring rain,
Blest tribute from the allegiant main
 To Britain's sovereign land :
Bloom-chalices are brimming, now,
Corolla-vases overflow,
 Buds burst, as they expand !



Kiss, gently, thou returning beam,
Each trembling beauty that doth seem
 Borne down with weight of grief :
Subdue thy stern meridian power,
Gleam softly o'er June's royal dower,
 Pearled flower and velvet leaf.


Smile o'er the sheathed and emerald grain,
Whose parent flags o'erwave the plain
 Like a half-troubled sea :
Bending before the fitful blast,
Uprising when its breath hath past
 To a murmured minstrelsy !
For brief is beauty's mundane gleam—
A dazzling hope—bright thought—fair dream,
 Emblematizing still,—
When these have but one idol—Earth !
When these have but one common birth,
 With Pride's imperious will :

But when Faith's holy dawn-beams glow
O'er hope and feeling's purest flow,
 And *action* hallows *thought*,—

Each spirit-bloom, each mental dower,
Though tried by Trial's keenest power,
 With noblest strength is fraught
To brave all evils time may bring—
From cool Derision's poignant sting,
 Opinion's mightier word,
To the craven fear of death, that chains
The selfish soul, when Faith ordains
 No earth-wish should be heard!

JULY.

THE bright leaves droop beneath thy fiery breath,
Sultana of the months ! each golden wreath
Grows pale, and ruby star-blooms fade away
Into the dusk of night ; the glittering spray
Of flowered boughs is faint with dead perfumes,
And browning leaf-flags fall, like broken plumes,
At thy still glance. In vain doth music's voice,
With languid sweetness, struggle to rejoice.
Shadowy and vap'rous aggregations rise,
And skirt with scowling gloom the peaceful skies :
Higher and higher they tower, compact and dense
Become, in mountain-like magnificence :
Their ebon base enshrines the levin's blaze,
Their apex sleeps in glory ; lingering rays
Wane there, before the Spirit of the Storm—
Meet pedestal for his prophetic Form
To view predestined desolation,—while
The earth is 'tranced by beauty's heedless smile—



From which to wake vibrations, mutterings deep,
Dream-sounds of drowsy thunders ; while forth creep
Gliding, scarce visibly, like legioned ghosts,
Imprisoning the sun, his warrior hosts,—
The ever-deepening gloom diffusing wide,
Gathering dread force, until, from side to side,
Following each serpent-flash, whose hideous might
The black waste overwrithes with painful light,
Vast waves of sound roll on, sublimely grand—
And intervening shadows fan the Land !

THE HARVEST MOON.

QUEEN of the Night—farewell !
O'er fertile hill and dell,
Rich plains, and river-watered lands, thy light
Rose o'er the golden Main
Of undulatory grain,
Which whispering slept beneath its mystic might !

Borne by the toiling steed,
Of sturdy, northern breed,
Lies stored, the rich luxuriance of the isle,
Forming of wealth a mine,
O'er which shall Plenty shine,
Rejoicing homes, in thousands, with her smile !


Autumn, with sighing breath,
Bewails her stolen wreath,
Her beauty pillaged from the o'ershadowed earth :
But other gems shall gleam
In Spring's ethereal beam,
When balmier winds, benigner hours, have birth :

And other lamps shall shine
From heaven's sapphire shrine,
But none as thine so gloriously bright,
Till months have past—again,
With the gold of ripened grain,
The corn-fields glow, 'neath carols of delight !

Queen of the Night—farewell !
O'er barren hill and dell,
Bare plains, and river-watered lands, thy ray
Quivers—as fading fast,
Mourning the festal past,
While faltering strains denote Song's dying sway !


AUTUMN WINDS.

LIST ! to the viewless charge of winds on high—
The warrior winds ! down-hurling with a breath
The castellated mountains of the sky !
The mourning winds ! with requiem-tones of death
Wailing in grandeur o'er the Irised land
Of sun-born flowers, to die away in dreams
Of sphere melodiousness ! Sweet winds, that fanned
Fair Summer's glowing wreaths, that crisped the streams
With silver wave-lines—cooled the wood's recess,
Sultry through trees down-bending with the weight
Of leafage-wealth, that may no longer bless
And glorify the Year's declining state !
Proud winds ! that swell the ocean-chants afar ;
O'er vale, and plain, and mountain-guardian'd lake,
That drive the oscillatory thunder-car,
And call the rainbow radiantly to break
The spell of gloom that binds the weeping sky ;
That bring wild voices, alien and unknown,




Startling the Night's calm vigil painfully,
As wafting on some dreary message-tone
From the vision-fraught and echo-haunted Past—
Sound that calls sound, by sympathetic power,
Till Sleep, compassionate, may softly cast
Her magic mantle o'er the troubled hour.

The smiling morn brings blither scene and sound—
Bewildering still——list! to the horn's rude swell,
The rustling tramp upon the grassy ground
Of steeds invisible! o'er plain and fell,
The low of kine where graze no cattle near,
The bleat of flocks that range the distant hills,
The sigh of water-falls, distinct and drear,
And carel-tones from swiftly-running rills!
E'en thus the buoyant stream of Time—strange gifts,
Tokens of beauty, images engraved
By grief, upon its chequered surface lifts,
And each dark sin the heart that erst enslaved—
Preserves the past! while fiercely bearing down
Resolves that have their base on selfishness—
Each wreath of hope, each glittering pride-forged crown,
That Faith refuses, sorrowingly, to bless!



TO PEACE.

THOU'RT lovelier than Evening's beaming, beauty-girdled
hours,
When Spring-tears fall ; and Spring-tones thrill the smiling,
listening flowers,
As wafted on in melody, or lingering o'er some spot
Where violets, bowered in moss-wreaths, bloom, by sun and
wind forgot !
More beauteous than proud Summer's robe—her robe of
rainbow-light ;
Than the argent belt of gleaming stars that zones the radiant
Night :
Than the crested wave that sparkles 'neath the moon's
unclouded beam :
Than the wildering glory circling oft the visions of a dream !
More glorious than the unearthly veil—the veil of living fire
That floats in grandeur, to the voice of Time's unresting
lyre,



Around the sun—while ages roll to the dim and distant Past,
Whose regions sleep 'neath Heaven - illumined waves, of
 shadows, vast !


For industry and plenty bless the lands of thy pure reign,
Where Patience heals the wounds of grief, subdues the ills
 of pain,

And Beauty brings her arts benign; and Faith her lore sublime,
Exorcising e'er, from life, the evil shades of Time,
That marked may be the Hours' stilled march athwart the
 watching World,

By symbolled love and prosperousness—sheathed sword and
 banner furled !

T O F A M E.

WHERE'ER is Fortune's banner waving
Most brilliantly 'neath beams of Power ;
Where'er are Fashion's votaries slaving
For vainest triumphs of an hour ;
Where'er is Wealth her gifts diffusing
As heedless where the prizes fall,
Opinion's leaders, keen, are using
Their necromancies to enthrall ;—
The world doth seek thee—vain applaudings,
Still greeting as thy deathless tones,
With Flattery's base unhallowed laudings,
And cheers that change, with fate, to groans !
While thou the pallid Dead art wreathing,
Illumining some ancient page,
Homeric verse enraptured breathing,
Or quoting still the ' Avonian Sage ! '
Or, o'er some mouldering tombstone, bending,
Memorial of a glorious Past—



The gloom of dark aspersions rending
 With thy proud clarion's echoed blast !
For some sad, sunless Destiny,
 That dimly walks the sleeping earth,
Thy burning crown of victory,
 Forming, long ere its glory's birth !
For distant centuries grandly yielding
 A light to path their secrecy—
The while, the triad sceptre wielding,
 Of Triumph, Hope, and Memory !

OCTOBER FLOWERS.

LIKE voiceless billows on some spell-bound coast,
The mists in watery undulations curl,
Sweep o'er cerulean skies—a shadowy host,—
Or slowly, like some banner vast, unfurl;
Or from the lowlands rise, a silvery lake,
While yet the zenith burns with sun-set light;
While stately trees, with dying leafage, quake
To feel the damp cold breath of looming Night.

Yet are ye bright, October Flowers! as when
The summer-sun poured forth its life-fraught tide
Of heaven-born brilliancy, for Man's brief ken,
Swelling earth's bosom with a generous pride;
And through the gloom-charged atmosphere ye glow
Like blazing stars between tempestuous clouds,
Or mirrored images distinct below,
When gently wave the Deep's unwinding shrouds!

Thus shines Superior Thought 'mid grovelling cares :

Thus gleams the star of Pity o'er the earth

'Mid strife, and hate, and fear : thus proudly dares

Its form 'mid storms to rear, Enduring Worth,

In faith unvacillating, to contend

With wrongs that crush, as winter's fatal ire

Earth's myriad leaves in mingled ruin blend,

While death enrobes them in celestial fire.

BIRTHDAY LINES.

ANOTHER Spring hath twined her budding wreath—

With hope's swift radiance lighted up the land :

Another Summer with her magic breath,

Spring's infant blooms, to growth meridian, fanned :

And Autumn's sweet, but solemn warning, sung

To all—the gladsome, beautiful, and wise !

Hath through th' illuminated wood-aisles rung,

That Spring restores—Decadence glorifies—

Since greeted last, our hearts, Thy natal day :

And Winter's icy smile reigns here once more :

As late the earth with flowers and sunny spray,

So shines the time with memory's lucent store !

Blithely the bells are from the church-tower pealing,

The fire-light dances on the ceiling bright,

Dark-imaged forms, fantastical, revealing,

As the dun twilight hails th' approaching Night !

Thus, in our hope uniting, seems the Hour
To wish calm happiness to crown thee, still,
Eternal peace to be thy heavenly dower—
Eternal faith to guard thy sleepless Will !

A PASSING AWAY.

A LAST light flickers in the Year's cold eye,
To show December's path athwart the waste,—
A death-gleam trembling on the dusky sky,
By *shades* of death how soon to be effaced !

For dull, decadent, and o'erblanched by age,
He lives but in sweet memories, of days
That painted gloriously life's solemn page,
And varnished it with summer's purest rays,—

O'erwreathing it with gorgeous flowers, rich fruit,
And golden plumes of ever-waving corn,
O'erarching them with glowing skies to suit
Their loveliness, of Nature's fancies born :—

Or, blending the sky-blue with dying flush
Of eve—with waning light subdued the scene,
While through the all-pervading, breathless hush,
Just outlined, showed, veiled Beauty's solemn mien.

Thus, wrapped in visions, He doth sternly fold
His snow-shroud, round his form attenuate,
Whose gleam, like that of venom'd wreath of old,
Conceals within a dread and silent fate.

A LAY TO MUSIC.

THOU greet'st the young Spring, as the austrine gale's wing
 Fanneth the buds of the sycamore spray,
Stealing the scent from the violets, blent
 With the snow-flower's breath as it fadeth away—
Sweet Spirit of Sound ! as thou wand'rest around
 Through th' invisible paths of the glorious sky :
Then, waking the Deep from its muttering sleep,
 Thou tunest its waves to thy bold minstrelsy !

When Summer's smile beameth, and Poesy dreameth
 Of bliss universal created by Thought,
Thy truer voice charmeth, its witchery calmeth
 The futile excitement by fantasies wrought :
As 'mid the wood fanes, where the sultry glare wanes,
 Wave-like it floateth 'mong pillar and dome :
In the grey of the dawn, as it haileth the morn,
 And girdleth with beauty the cottager's home !

Winter's silence is wild grief in thy voice, each note
 As she weeps o'er the death of her golden-haired dream,
 As they see in the fall and the snow-shadows a seal
 Herod's murderer over their shattering heads
 When palest the sun at the death of his last day,
 Grandly the last rest of Winter she bests,—
 In the storm-drops sublime—in each message of Time,
 Changing, as change is wont to Earth:

Though sweet is thy voice when in hushedest joy
 The worn, saddened Sufferer, the tried child of Pain,
 When, invoked by the Bless, shedding quiet and rest,
 In their glory, it bringeth Youth's visions again!
 Diviner's the strain, that, in toil's sternest reign,
 When weariness stealeth the power of the soul,
 Aspiration awakes, no calamity shakes,
 Lending strength for the way to Eternity's goal!

DREAM NOT OF BLISS.

DREAM not of future bliss—the while
Earth's present joys invite thy smile,

And sympathy is near !

Relinquish not, to distant days,
The deeds that win pale Mercy's praise,
Forget not those once dear.

Neglect not tasks of duty—Time
Sternly pursues his course sublime,

Sweeping away all trace
Of Beauty's footprints—Wealth's proud sway—
Of the clouds that dimmed each brilliant day
Of Talent's ardent race.

Gaze not on works of hope—in vain
Is imaged forth Love's strifeless reign,

Of Fame, the eternal hours—
Death rules the bright, exultant World—
Now from his throne a *King* hath hurled—
Now dooms Spring's crowning flowers !

Dream not of bliss—another dawn
Relumes, perchance, the lamp of morn,
 To light the dying brow
Thy true devotion made thine own ;—
May hush the voice, whose loving tone
 In music calls thee now !

Trust not to future hours—*thy hours*
May yet come, armed with chastening powers,
 If guilty be the past
Of sinful cares—kind deeds disdained :
While sorrow wept, if avarice reigned,
 And pity from thee cast !

Dream not—although thy coming fate
Superbly dawn, to eyes elate,—
 The pictured noon of Hope,
May come with pain and restless fear ;
And Pride, athwart a life-waste drear,
 Through Grief's dark paths, may grope !

TWINE GLORY'S WREATH.

Twine Glory's wreath once more, but not for Victory's crimsoned brow—

It has been crowned a thousand times, we'll crown another's,
now ;

The fever of proud thoughts is there, death's sad and stirless shade

Impressed by memory's mastery o'er scenes that pass and fade !

Twine Glory's coronal, but not for eloquence that sways

The will of multitudes as *one*—yet criminally plays

With the levin of infuriate zeal, for weak, ungenerous ends ;

The hallowed bonds of order, for ambition wildly rends !

Weave on, but not for beauty's brow, of scorn the radiant shrine,

Nor wealth's, that won a diadem in slavery's sunless mine,

Nor yet for vanity's, that beams on poverty for praise—

Oh, not for *these* weave Glory's wreath, the wreath of fadeless days !

If there be One that humbly strives to heal the wounded
heart,

That thankfully, of duty's burden, bears the allotted part :

If there be One that truly mourns another's sacred woes,

At stern Oppression's ruthless laws with indignation glows :

That sacrifices many a treasured hope for others' weal,

With *deeds of truth*, that ready is the *words of truth* to seal—

Before the maledictions of opinion's shadowy host,

Alone, for Faith, stands firm and true, when Power's false
smile is lost—

Let Glory's woven wreath be *his* — his lonely brow be
crowned !

The martyr soul be honoured *once*, the virtuous grow re-
nowned—

Let kindness seek the truly kind, let sympathy bring fame—

And memory consecrate his deeds, eternalize his name !

WANDERINGS.

WHERE—'midst the solemn mountain-shades,
Helvellyn towers in gloomiest might,
Throned Skiddaw's lofty summit fades
Before the mist-clouds wreathings light;—
Where vagrant sounds, upon the breeze,
Unbidden come, unbidden go!
Where the voices of the inland seas
In charmed whisperings faintly flow;—
Where Castle-Crag, its piny crest
Waves sternly by fair Derwent's side—
The lovely mere, whose silvered rest
The mountains shelter in their pride;—
Where Music wakes an echo-band,
Where Fancy starts—by Truth amazed,
Trembling to see the glorious land—
The visions Thought had never raised;—

We wondered—and we improved more.

We came we wondered in the day

We wandered in the quiet shade

And pursued in the pursuing space

Stirred the heart's heart's chin-drops

Decked the forest's rocks with gold or shadow

From the figured clouds to reviv'd rays

Or down the cascade, dashing, dashed!

Learning from Grandeur's dashing form,

Learning from Beauty's angel-light,

From the splendours of the mountain storm,

And mountain dawn, and lake-shore night—

This mundane gloriousness was given

To heighten Fervor's sacred glow—

To teach that Earth *can teach* of Heaven

To those that Faith's pure teachings know!

LINES TO A COLOSSAL CALEDONIAN PINE.

THE haze, of many years, broods o'er thee now,
Yet stately, as when first the sun's red ray
Fell on thy highest crest at dawn (art thou),
While shadows wrapped thy boughs and spiny spray.
The levin never scathed, the winds ne'er bent
Thy loftiness, sublime in storm or calm :
To thee, the starlight sky no grandeur lent,
Thy frailest branch scarce might the whirlwind harm !

And still thou gazest on the far, far sea—
Bravest its coming blast—the electric cloud—
Rich in the beauty that Decay o'er thee
Lamentingly hath flung—a royal shroud !
And thou art twined with fadeless verdure-wreaths—
Dewed by the founts of memory—from that land
Where fancy floats on fitful summer breaths,
And steals rich flowers from Hope's creative hand.

While thy last branch withstands the rushing gale,
Thy dying trunk looms sternly through the storm,
And crests of radiant leafage strive, and fail,
To reach the height yet reached by thy proud form—
Still, in thy desolation, wilt thou be,
Amidst bright foliage and shining flowers,
More glorious, in thy shadowed majesty,
Than the fairest symbol of the fleeting hours !

A MISER'S DOOM:

A SKETCH.

THE log-fire is drowsy and dim—
The rushlight waves in the draughts of wind
That fitfully flout the old, tattered blind,
With dirt and with age grown grim.

Hushed is the clock's cheerful note—
Stilled by time's ceaselessly-gathering rust,
By warpings of damp, by accumulate dust
Whose poison-clouds duskily float.

A ghost of a cat mutely lies
On the thin, torn rug :—in the deepest gloom
Crouches a skeleton form :—through the room,
Of a wind-stirred lute, steal the sighs.

He starts ! that old man, when he hears
The dismal tones of those shuddering chords,
Echoing, of avarice, the erst heartless words—
And shrinks from his wakening fears.

Indistinct, yet dreadful, they crowd
On his brain—pictures of happiness fled,
Thoughts of the beautiful—dreams of the Dead,
False tales of affection, oft vowed :

Aspirations, high-soaring, that *fell*—
Last glances of mournfully-eloquent eyes,
Last words of forgiveness, last tears, and last sighs—
The stern peal of a blast-borne knell :—


Whose echoes, for year after year,
Through the watches drear of the ominous night—
When the stars beamed forth a menacing light,
Deep-thrilled on his agonized ear.

And soon shall that knell toll again—
For pain and remorse, and sin-brought despair,
Unsoftened by sympathy's pitying care,
Perform not their mission in vain.

THE MUSIC OF THE MONTHS.

THEY circle round the Year's mysterious throne—
Spirits of the Months—in diaphanic gloom !
Where radiant lutes eternally have shone,
And shadowy harps called echoes from the tomb :
And shuddering tones, and mutterings deep and low
Burst wildly forth, in intermittent flow,
As January strives—at first in vain—
To evoke, with fingers numb, one grand, triumphant strain !

'Tis the hour of Nature's rest—
For Winter hath breathed his silencing spell
O'er the shivering wood, o'er the wind's wild swell,
O'er the lake's far-glittering breast !
But Thought his vigil keeps
On the gleaming towers, where high and proud
The banner of hope, like a gorgeous cloud
Of purple, idly sleeps,



Till the wandering breaths of Joys
Swell its folds of splendour, illuminate
With hieroglyphics of smiling Fate,
Whose magic Faith destroys.
Bright Spring's restoring wand
Calls the hosts of beauty again to life,
With the heralding march of element-strife,
Revivifies the land :—
But Thought's regenerate hour
Shall come when idolish faiths expire—
When Fortune's colossal and star-strung lyre
Breathes forth its dying power !
When eternity shall sway—
And truth, unchanging, sublimely endure,
And shine o'er a World for hope too pure,
With indestructible ray !

Soft as the fall of rose-leaves, now
The monotonic harp-notes flow ;
But intervening moanings rise,
Like warnings in hyemal skies,
Till chords of power, of wrath and fire,
Echo the elemental ire—

The rush of rains, of waves the boom,
Mingling in resounding gloom,—
As February's chantings close,
That sinks to brief and dull repose.

“ Lightly to break thy rest,
The vacillant snow-flakes fall,—
Awake, that thou may'st be blest,
Freed from thy chilling thrall—
O Earth ! that the saffron's glow,
And the snowdrop's tender ray,
May halo thy hueless brow,
And smile stern Winter away !
And the glorious breeze shall come,
Troughing the sounding deep,
And rousing the rivers dumb
From their lingering bondage-sleep !”

A PALE wreath hangs and waves round his lyre,
And its frame is illumined with gleams of fire,
As the shadowy form and the radiant brow
Of March, o'er the instrument, earnestly bow.

“Bend the Oak’s sturdy power !
Wave the Ivy on high—
Let it stream from the tower,
In the cold of the sky !
Veil the sun, in its glory,
With the dun drifts of cloud !
Fling the frost-mantle hoary
O’er the Night’s dripping shroud—
O ye Winds !—and careering
Like the storm-fire afar,
Through the vapor-waves, steering,
Whose spray dims the star—
Pass on—each chord thrilling
Of the grand lyre of Earth—
Your time thus fulfilling,
Till a new time hath birth !”

A GLORY hath crowned her,
Of glowing delight—
Young April ! while round her
Float vapors of Night :

And the tear-drops yet linger
In her eye—while the tone
That her diffident finger
Calls forth—is Joy's own !

“ A smile hath unwrinkled Earth's fair brow—
Of flowers, the pure grace lights it tenderly now,
And the winds sweep on in exhilarant glee
Through the boundless sky, o'er the foam-flecked sea,
Waking sweet sounds in their path of pride,
Waving green plumes on the mountain-side,
And fanning, in fitfulness, many a lute
That slept while Nature's rich voice was mute.
Spirits of Glory, of Hope, and Love,
Smile from ethereal realms above—
To Fancy's beaming, ecstasied gaze,
As she seeks the visions of future days,
And dreams that the wakening of Spring may be
A type of the dawn of Eternity.”

LAUGHTER mingles with thy lay,
Spontaneous—ever-blithesome May !
Love seems breathing in each tone
Slow-wafted past the mystic throne.

“ Rejoice ! it is folly to grieve
For evils that ne’er may appear—
Through cowardice, life to bereave
Of the bliss that is, richly strewed, here !
Rejoice ! it is virtue to prize
Each innocent joy that is given—
Though its subtile essence soon flies,
Though its floral bonds are soon riven !
Rejoice ! there is much to endure,
But more, for the Wise, to enjoy—
For the Simple, the Kind, and the Pure,
That evils can never destroy !”

THE rich perfume of rose-breaths floats around—
’Mid undulations of celestial sound,
As June, th’ enchantress-queen of Summer, smiles,
And with each grace of melody beguiles,
And all the wealth, proud Harmony, that dowers,
Tempered by pure Expression’s witching powers.

“ Roses of heavenly hues
Glisten in crystal dews,
As the gold sunshine lingers o’er the scene :
The breeze creeps softly by,

Hushing its odorous sigh,
Stealing 'mid bowery boughs and climbers sheen :
The silvery voice, of streams,
More sweet and solemn, seems
As Evening waves her pennon grey, afar—
As, one by one, appear,
Remotely, star-thrones clear,
And the Night-queen mounts her swift, ethereal car.
Mortals ! come forth—enjoy,
Ere coming hours destroy
The hallowed beauty brooding o'er the land :
For mundane bliss is brief,
And, each true heart, must Grief
Prove, ere ye gain Eternity's far strand !
Mark, in the lowliest flowers,
Types of divinest powers ;
Gaze on, of mighty worlds, the wondrous light—
And gather, as ye gaze,
The lore of distant days,
The lore of Thought that owes to Faith its might !”

Soft, languid breathings mystically fall,
Like words re-echoing from some distant call,

~~The morning sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~
~~The sun is bright—~~

No more are seen the burning sky
 No shadow glows above the plains that lie
 Behind the trees of noon—a golden land
 By the cooling breath of wandering winds unshaded
 A myriad above your feet inconstant round :
 No whisper breaks the rigid trance of Sound

* * * * *

Stern Night, dark spells, hath muttered o'er the scene
 From curtaining gins, pour forth her spectral Queen.
 Gone are the shining plains, the breadths of dawn :
 Earth hath become, of dry-born pomp, a wraith
 A magic sea appears—enchanted waves
 Hiss among Night-wrought rocks, and shadow-wires :
 Heard, but unseen, light gale-wings quiver by,
 Black hosts of vapors oversweep the sky :
 The thunder-blasts burst forth—the lightning glows
 Glory is throned upon the shrouded air."

THOUGHTS IN METRE.

~~With~~ with the drooping corn,
~~August~~ bends o'er his lyre,
~~Flashed~~, as the radiant Morn,
With enthusiasm's fire !
And the strings in tumult thrill,
With the joyous minstrelsy
Of his self-reliant skill,
And handling bold and free !

~ Earth is strewed with glittering treasure,
More than mortal eye might measure !
Where Childhood's fairy step is bounding,
Where its garland wild is wreathing,
Bursts of boisterous song are sounding,
Woman's gentler mirth is breathing :
Where the rustling scythe is sweeping,
Featly time and order keeping,
Sturdy steeds, the wealth-heaps dragging,
Soon will, the silvery fields, be clearing,
From merry morn to eve unflagging,
Ev'n, through the mellow moonlight, steering :
Though many a glancing gem will linger
For the smiling Gleaner's nimble finger :

For Earth is rich with glittering treasure—
For the festivals of Toil and Pleasure !”

A VINE-WREATH encircles the brow
Of drooping September, whose glow
Of beauty, slow-passing away,
Seems haloed by Faith's dawning ray.
Her voice is the voice of the gale,
As it mingles its sweet, trembling wail
With the low-whispered plaint of the blooms—
As they droop in the shadows of tombs.

“ The summer-light 's failing,
Earth's rainbows are paling,
Yet fairer and grander shall bend o'er the Spring :
While Hope shall return,
From her magical urn,
Renovations more bright than the new Year may bring.
Thus, 'mid each dark grief,
Or each troubling belief—
When the night of affliction o'ershadows men's hearts,
Shall Truth's hallowed voice
Bid the mourner rejoice—
Ev'n while from the glory of Earth he departs !”

HARSH breathings fill the saddened air,
As, strikes his tuneless strings,
Stern-browed October—in despair,
His voice sarcastic, rings.

“ Say—what is there now left to prize ?
The woods in their majesty grim,
Or the rack o’er the blue, smiling skies
Whose glance hath grown cheerless and dim ?
Or the few wretched flowers that remain,
Pale ghosts of the rich and the rare,
To garnish Destruction’s dark fane,
Or flaunt in the vaporous air ?
Or the dark, turbid pools that Decay
With the fragments of pomp hath o’erspread,
That wind-breaths irrev’rently sway—
The graves of the dying and dead ?”

MURMURING tremors waken—dreams of sound—
Slow echoes, lost in silence-sleep, profound :
Then faltering tones sigh forth November’s woe
In interrupted and discordant flow.

“ No garlands o’er the tombs
Wave—in the circling glooms,
No bright, consoling gleam
Through the fog-shrouds thick, may stream,
Of the pale and weeping Nights—

“ No glory, on the heights,
Harbingers the approaching Day—
From his wet and leafless spray
No vesper-minstrelsy
Floats o’er the misty lea—
Unviewed he sinks away
From the earth-shores cold and grey ! ”

DECEMBER’s shadowy harp resounds—the last—
Calling reverberations from the past ;—
Its rich and thrilling bursts, and thundering swells,
Fraught with the deepest might of Music’s spells !

“ A solemn beauty animates the hour,
Swaying the midnight world with living power ;
A shadowed grandeur fills the troubled air,

As chanting winds excite the muttering deep
With fitful blasts, its rest that oversweep,
And crown its rising waves with foam-wreaths fair.
Anon, the Northern Lights shall proudly gleam
Athwart the purple heavens—a fiery stream—
And hosts on hosts of brilliant stars appear :
And Winter's realm, a shining, silvery land,
Flash forth—as waves, unseen, Frost's potent wand
O'er Autumn's watery graves, and wood-tracks drear.
May Memory then inweave the wreath of love
Anew—and bliss restored yet purer prove,
And gentle mirth and kindness warm the land—
From where the cottage stands, 'mid nestling trees,
To where the towering castle braves the breeze—
And Faith, each friendship bless, with hallowed hand."

Magnificently peal, supernal chords,
As terminate the last emphatic words—
Then imperceptibly Sound glides away,
The Vision shrouding in its parting sway.

THE UNKNOWN DEAD.

“A curious antique sepulchre was discovered some years since on the highest eminence of a hill near Penrith, containing the skeleton of a man, apparently of large size, whose remains were supposed to be those of some British chieftain, who was inhumed there after the Roman power had disappeared from the island, and during the troubles that succeeded the Saxon invasion.”

No gorgeous banner, o'er thy rest,
In mocking pomp waved wearily :
No war-steed bowed his shadowy crest,
No morions, plumed, shone drearily,
When on thee fell the burial-gloom ;
No pageant-crowd gazed wonderingly ;
No echoes from the cannon's boom,
From hill to hill, passed thunderingly.

And centuries, their solemn way, have journeyed slowly on,
With joy and love, with woe and death, with empires lost
and won !
And still thou darkly sleep'st, as then, high on the mountain-
brow,
Beneath the Sun-of-Summer's smile, the frigid Winter's snow.

The storm-peal on the sullen air seems echoed by the Earth,
As if thy spirit slumbering mourned the age that gave thee
birth—

The shadows of primeval woods, the roar of inland waves,
Or wilder boom of blasts among dark rocks and chambered
caves !

Did Rome's retreating Eagles fade before thy dying sight ?—
Or wert thou slain in struggles fierce with Saxon pride and
might ?

Did tears bedew thy desert grave, and steps fall softly there,—
While distant thunders pealed thy dirge, and darkness veiled
the air ?

In vain I ask ! the mists that shroud the path of ages fled,
Conceal the unrecorded life of the ancient Warrior-Dead !
Unhonored wilt thou slumber on, through changes vast of
time,

Girdled by Storm, and Night, and Death, on funeral-throne
sublime !

THE DEPARTURE OF A YEAR.

With silent step, but bright, prophetic eye,
 Funereal trains of memories, dim fears,
And pains, dark-panoplied in mystery,
 With solemn triumphs, and with laureled biers—
Smiles playing blithely round him—gathering storms
 Shadowing the atmosphere of hope and love,
Scathing the radiance of proud mortal forms—
 Lightnings of truth afar ! of faith above—

A Year hath glided through Time's portals vast—
 The earth's last barrier to that deep of tombs,
Where the guilt of ages hideously hath past,
 Like scorching lava, to its quenching glooms :
The martyr's voice hath died upon the brink
 Of those still waves—the fearless known fear's birth ;
There hath the despot forged his last vain link,
 Dreaming to darkly bind the slumbering earth !

There pass the dearest and the vilest things—

Foul sediments of time,—slow stygian streams !

The purest tributes from the purest springs,

Most radiant fantasies, most glorious dreams !

O'erwhelmed in turn, Existences—the fair,

The righteous, and the false, the shunned and sought—

Those that have fainted 'neath the weight of care,

Those that in Faith's bright van have bravely fought !

Those that have drooped their fragile lives away,

Like tender-petaled flowers before the frost,

Formed but to bloom in fortune's sunniest day,

On earth yet doomed to be 'mid tempests lost !

Slippery with tears are those old portal-stones,

And echoful of agony ; yet o'er

That solemn verge that, Time's last partings, owns,

A heavenly glory lingers evermore !

HOME WITCHERIES.

OF mystic memories, many a chain,
My home, around thee ever,
Hast thou of past and placid pain,—
Of joy, no pain can sever !
Woven waifs, from unknown stories,
Clustering words of pleasant meanings,
Linked teachings, wreathed with fadeless glories,
Regret's soft intervenings.

Even the fragrance-stealing breeze,
That fans thy summer face,
Sports 'midst thy weird and frowning trees,
Backwards, thy years can trace :
And accents loved of loving warning,
Bear from vistas bright of time,
Clear and fresh as from the dawning
Of wisdom-thoughts sublime !

With Mirth, whose fleeting soul hath fled
 With the fleeing of thoughtless days—
And Wit, whose lucent light is dead,
 Love that hath changed its phase
From the idleness of wordiness,
 Futility of dreams,
To the strength of pure unselfishness—
 The trust that ever beams !

Thy ancient echoes, too, are teeming
 With footfalls long at rest :
The picture-light of blissful dreaming
 Suns thy slumber-regions blest.
When the tumult-voices crowd and swell,
 Of the Storm, in one wild blast,
They cannot, with their battle-spell,
 Drown an utterance of the past !

Thou hast a beauty of the present,
 Bright, but changeful as the dawn,
Wood-glades fair, and corn-fields pleasant,
 Flowery bower and fairy lawn—

But thy spirit-beauty never leaves thee,
 Its hours, my hours assign—
Of Thought's enchantments naught bereaves thee,
 They are mine, and ever mine !

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG DEER-HOUND.*

January 25th, 1860.

THREE mornings since, upon thy high-borne crest,
The sunshine fell, in brilliance and in pride,
Portraying the alternate beauty of thy rest,
And grace of thy free movements, by my side,
Upon the dew-bright grass, or gravelled way,
O'erdiamonded with fairy pool and mere,
Or 'neath the shadeless, skeleton winter-spray,
O'er mosses bright, or wood-plants dead and sere.

But now the night, the last sad night hath known
The piteous scene of thy death-agony,
No thought may pierce its gloom, may insight own
Into its cold and cruel secrecy.
Yet save these hours, the fiery hand of Pain
Hath never scathed the freshness of thy days;
Of harsh severity, the wearying chain
Chilled not the sportive wildness of thy ways.

* Great-grandson of Sir Walter Scott's 'Maida.'

O'er thee the gentle, blissful sway of love

Fell lightly, pleasantly as drops of dew

On wilted leaves, or perfumes from above,

When petaled boughs o'erarch, and hide the view.

Thy buoyant life was dowered with all things bright

And sweet, and free—and radiant with joy :

An evening-time of shade, a darker night,—

This life of beauty could, alas ! destroy.

A VALEDICTION.

No dastard step hast thou, no quailing eye—

Thou brav'st the secrets of thy destiny

Alone !—alone wilt thou receive

The gifts that ever are in store,

For those that humbly feel they can achieve

Great things, ere life is o'er !

Great things ! what are they ? 'Tis not every one

By whom Earth's ghastly victories may be won—

May wade through seas of blood to gain

A passing fortune, passing fame,

And all the flattery, worthless, false, and vain,

That greets a hero-name !

Nor is it every one whose rigorous fate

Calls him, through long, sad, wearying years, to wait

The martyr's final draught of pain—

Through trials ever lingering more—
Then quaff it with a more sublime disdain
Than hero-brow e'er wore !

But all may start, upon the path of life,
As prescient that they'll tread it 'mid the strife
Of death invisible—as though
Their last days might extend not past
The cycle of a year—the spectral glow
The present moon-nights cast !

May live to work—and working, find repose
From the petty din of Earth's vexatious woes :
And working at the works (that Truth,
The holiest of all Truth, ordains,)
Of patient self-improvement, mercy, ruth—
Find peace where conscience reigns.

May live to love, and, loving, learn to die
In the full strength of boundless charity :
In life, thus find the happiness
That idlers idly dream of, ever,
And, as they seek but worshipped *self* to bless,
Attain the blessing never.

* * * * *

Years will pass slowly by—then seem as days,
When back thou turn'st thy steady, wondering gaze,
And seest all that troubled thee
Far better from a distant view,
Unravelling many a 'wilderer misery,
To which thou hadst no clue.

May affluence shine upon thy upward way—
Thy spirit grow more radiant, day by day,
With hope that scorneth every fear,
Save the celestial fear alone—
The fear acknowledging no earthly fear—
That guards bright Virtue's throne !

To thee may friendship never prove untrue !
To thee, in vain, affliction never sue—
And so life's gifts and pleasures rest
With thee, ethereally blent !
Giving, receiving, blessing, and thus blest,
Thy hours be nobly spent !

THE END.





